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Bard

= = = = =

**Waking by noticing sleep
or a huge window filled with one small bird**

**we are cars for one another
we carry each other far.**

28 December 2014

= = = = =

**Waiting by the polder
for the sea to come back
half my life is spent in Holland,**

**waiting on the mountainside
to be at the summit
I understand for the first time the sea**

**it is not classical not romantic
it is a strange nervous stone
usually blue or green or grey**

**worn round the neck of a woman
I will never meet —
but she sends me letters I read**

summer mornings on the island with my toes.

28 December 2014

BY THE LITTLE STREAM WE CALL THE KEEKENHANNA

1.

Measurable the music
forensic afternoon manuscript
who murdered the morning

alter you're A', scriptor,
get ready to wedge them down
into the welcoming *silent matter*

that brain below the brain
sympathy is union with the dead
peachpits germinate next spring

in a tune like this
nothing gets lost neither
sorcerer nor saltimbanque

a child chided before supper
wants to go home but *is* home
woe woe a foundling feeling

**can you get over it?
personality defects hypnosis heals
to be in your hands though**

**drink from earth's hollows
you replicate by anatomy
a child and an encyclopedia**

**2.
incurious pharmacy of oil
sandalwood I learned to sew
lions roamed that city when**

**medical issues glamorous therapist
cool fingers on the swamp of my brow
healing is happenstance alone**

**crystals by the Keekenhanna
cure the wound by waterfall
into the stone the illness falls**

**water tells more than the land knows how
exercise the spirit that glossy colt**

be quicker in it, be mercury

**no one will be there when I look
opened this door a thousand times
fumble the light switch temple maiden**

**you need a shave she plainchanted
olives red crush beneath our feet
the inward moment springs on us**

**one more lion to ride home
you speak their language with your knees
that was the hegemonic greeting**

**kissed her shadow so she spoke
the words for once don't count
but I will tell thee them**

**what counted was her breath
upon my temporal-parietals
what she said was Mind this matter**

3.

imagine we had done this long ago
gotten to the quick of questions
and touched the *silent matter* then

not waited all those years of who are you
but plunged all wet through the crazy gate
wise houses waiting to teach us a story

far away to our very selves
think of the children in the quince trees
all chattering in Welsh we'd be

and no one to gainsay our games
Principessa Salome you slew
my image quenched it in your own

kissed my dead lips till they spoke
and everything was language once again
no more damned music

I am afraid of being about things
want only always to be from them
from them all the way to thee

**your ear your easy rapture
and all the children waiting to be fed
hasn't the sunshine said enough?**

**4.
the fewer words that answer far
legible at close quarters chapped skin
imponderable yesses and no wonder**

**questions seem to be part of the sky
his business with Gaea and all the green
and scarlet things are answers to**

**whom was happy as a drug can make
a friend a beach a nightingale
uncaged in Switzerland, yes you**

**ride my pony far as please
different faiths for different miracles
blue light deep in my mother's diamond**

**first time I saw it, look for it always
sick eyes among the lilies from Peru
stanchions hold foot traffic back**

**one league southeast the raven croaked
a town grows from a raven's wing
a town is a bird's shadow solid grown**

**I walked until I found a field
and there you were guised as shadow
guised as ten thousand stalks of corn.**

29 December 2014

GREEN

1.

The coiled energy
crimson as ocean death
but giving life
turns green and shoots
from the abdominal navel
out to find the one
the mind meant —o yes
the man said, too much moon,
too much meanings —
but there it goes
green as a mamba quick
to the corresponding Vessel
in the Thought-About's
recipient trine, thing or
number, form or song
or personhood, *the gulf*
of god some call it
knowing no better but it is.

2.

On its way it grieves the world
by going past. Only one
destined Vessel. It hurries
past everything else
common or remarkable
at nine-tenths the speed of light

**down through the otherness
to the one proposed. The thought
came first and got there first
for the green prong to find,
pierce, penetrate, persuade.**

**3.
This is how it is to think.
Fact. You know how it is
too. Everybody knows it,
everybody does it. It's what
happens everywhere when
red turns green. The crimson
scripture has jade letters on it
and the words of it once
spoken can never be taken back.
That also is what thinking means.
The Greek thing that happened
to Heidegger. The insolent green
that will not let even spring alone.**

29 December 2014

PATCHWORK INFINITIES

we live ever
at the edge
 of another condition,
no end
 to the connections
always
 another border to cross

sneak boldly, bodily,
into another order, other being.

But the phrase I dreamt
was *patchwork finitudes*,
I'm guessing
 those are the balkan'd territories
into which you cross, baffled,
frightened, but suddenly
absolutely there.

And when you wake in the morning
you know enough to
find your way to sleep again
hours later,
 in this other world.

30 December 2014
5:00 AM

= = = = =

**Bring ink
to those who need it**

**or angel wings
risen from fresh snow**

**It's not always waiting
like dawn hiding behind the hill**

**sometimes it's far away
you have to get its attention**

**fetch it to you
with a lasso of light**

**as green a light as
all your blood can make it be.**

30 December 2014

= = = = =

Calling, come
close to this
 weather
being inside —

Something like that
is how the Craft goes

disocovering everything
within this simple thing

and uou do it all
just by breathing

out what you almost know.

30 December 2014

= = = = =

**Try closing the door
before going through—
then you will learn
what a door is more.**

**(= Try before, then what?
Door through learn more.)**

30 December 2014

= = = = =

Not quite half done
the mercy remembers
us midway.

Bolster
instead of pillow. Paris
instead of Manhattan.

Then on top of now.
Prurient energies
nothing sates.

Sound
of her skin
again.

30 December 2014

SCARDANELLI: *An Ode*

Something found.

**A Greek letter
waiting for its sound.
Who know how anything sounded
or what the wood of the Thomaskirche
really heard/absorbed/retains.**

**Everything you hear is a conjecture,
you guess what it is saying, sounding,
begging you to believe it.**

**Believe me.
The ink in the pen, the sheep on the hill.
Believe these too. The sounds
you try to write down.**

**What did the wind
say this afternoon, when it came
out of the mountains, the Blue Mountains,
in our faces so hard we had to turn back,
turned without missing a beat
and were backwards, collars sheltering,
mystery of clothes.**

**Language again,
the letters of our bodies
gesturing, sound of an elbow,
song of a knee. The wind
trying to take our bodies away,**

substitute a single brute sensation,
cold.

Forgive me, I was afraid.
Afraid of feeling just that one thing
or maybe any solitude of feeling,
one thing to lose the mind and body in.

Maybe. I still wonder
how Sappho said her name, Psappho
in the old spelling, or how Kaxandra
meant me to say her name when I
like all decent lovers came
and tried to save her. Did she understand
when I called out at midnight in Mycenae,
on the old porch of the slave shack
where they put her, after, after?

If I said the name right would she live?
Only Hölderlin perhaps could tell me that,
he who dyed his language old
and hid himself inside an unknown name.

30 December 2014

= = = = =

**Takes too long
to make up lies
let's tell the truth**

*and there was silence
in heaven for the space
of half an hour*

**the space of time
had spoken,**

space is the truth.

31 December 2014

= = = = =

**So much evidence
girl running in the woods
sun glint on windshield**

***more sheep than people
more trees than sheep***

**and me sitting on a rock again
deciding and deciding
and pretending to write it all down.**

31 December 2014

= = = = =

**The taste of it
is what I know
feeling of something said
into the actual air
for once, not just dreamed
but there, like a scrap
of cloth from some clithes
she used to wear,
everything the essence of.**

31 December 2014

= = = = =

Cold morning

little

puffs of breath

pale

flags if surrender.

31.XII.14

= = = = =

Not to say no
the yes keeps wanting
the grey-blue shadow
locked inside clothes

*let the inside out
that's all we ever
are asked to do,*

*in this canzone
made of stone,
this sea of logic*

whose coat?
no names
no names it's all
linguistics anyhow,
the structure of structure,

all the cantilevered hoist of night
where thieves weep
under the arches
because they cannot see their plunder

loss of the old woman's cow
horns balancing the moon and She

herself in half her guises
stripped bare
up there
of vagrant atmosphere

Self Alone! Pronoun
aloft!
the pregnant thought
tried to be happening
as fact. It all is maybe
work in pantomime, a glass of red
light to slow anabolism

*let nation-states all fade away
but leave the mayor's chanticleer
posing on the mairie's roof
let there be nothing bigger than this*

whoever you are,
just this town, tune,
the local small enough
to whistle across
at a friend passing
two streets away

all you need is lips and breath.

31 December 2014

= = = = =

**The Irish
their only strength
is silence,
the special silence
they call song.**

31 December 2014

SYLVESTERABENDPREDIGT

**The most important thing to know
in dealing with human beings is this:**

they do what they want to do.

**If you see someone doing something, know
that whatever they may say or however
they may complain or try to distance
themselves from their actions, they
are doing what their whole lives want them to do.**

**Keep this in mind as you stagger
from one New Years Eve party to the next.**

Everything you see and do is you.

31 December 2014